



The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

august 2020

Blue
Madrigal
Caldwell
Phoenix
Super Gecko
Rust
rakshowes
Inawe
Writer
Boccaccio

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read *rez* Magazine online at <http://rezmagazine.com>

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About the Cover: No one has suffered more during this pandemic than our elders. Our hearts go out to our most loved and precious resource: our grandparents, who have been disproportionately affected by Covid. As you will see in this month's issue, Merope Madrigal, one of our finest writers, shares their struggles.



**“Get in good trouble,
necessary trouble,
and help redeem
the soul of America.”**

John Lewis

AFTER LOU



DARK NIGHTS



AFTER DARK
— LOUNGE —
on Idle Rogue

contact: Meegan Danitz
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facebook.com/AfterDarkSL



THE HOUSE OF



Sakura

EXPERIENCE THE BEST IN
SIP CHAMPAGNE, AND ENJOY
WITH SL'S PREMIER COUNTRY
ROMANCE, ELEGANCE, AND

CONTACT LYNN MIMISTRO



IN SUBTLE FLIRTATION,
ENJOY INTELLIGENT CONVERSATION
COURTESANS.

AND INTIMACY.

ROBELL INWORLD

Ballet Dixelle Presents



Giselle

<https://youtu.be/7ANiO5kYus0>

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<https://www.youtube.com/channel/>

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THE SHEWORTHY PUB

♪•:*"♥"*:•♪ Welcome everyone to the Sheworthy Pub, where friends
and music come together for fun and an escape from your first and
second lives. ♪•:*"♥"*:•♪

<http://maps.secondlife.com/secondlife/Dethly%20Island/226/3/3537>

Torrent Cr

by rakshowes



ies

I feel lonely and alone,
Like a paper bag blowing among
the crowds.

I am learning what it means;
another side of me.

I don't know why I feel alone.

I thought if you sat with me it
would be better, but you cannot; I
understand.

And those symbols that make me
remember that tiny person is me.

And I cry, it is not how you think of
me that I cry,

And I cry, it's not why I think of
you.

Sometimes you focus on my eyes,
they float on constellations in your
gaze,

But today they flood, stars washed
from grace; falling, falling.

Your shoulder would be wet as you
hold me close. It is what I need...

To only be held; but it is not how
you think of me.

Tasting a tear - its not a waste to
lick this moistened symbol.

(I am sorry, its the human side of
me).

I have never knelt in a church and
cried, you are the only one to know.

Sadness breeds the lonely, should I
feel remorse?

And I look for something I had not
known.

I had just wanted you to hold me
but I understand.

There is badness a
that joy is closed

Even though we p
there.

Everyone likes me
knows me.

Always up on a hi

No one can reach
interested enough

Always a high rea
cry.

I watch as people
smile and they sm
breaking step

Only the sheep w
lick me, the rabbit
birds stare;

Because they care

And I kneel alone
and the echoes th
deafen me.

Writ

all around and
down,
pretend it is

e but no one

gh shelf.

, and no one is
n to try.

ch, and on high; I

come past and I
ile, never

ould come and
ts watch, the

e.

as I am alone
at cry louder,

That no one would want me, no one
to need me, while the crowds rush
past in torrents desperate to get
somewhere,

A purpose, an aim, while I kneel on
the cold unmoving stone.

A mind in a bag blowing aimlessly
through the torrent's legs.

What is wrong with me? I have not
found wrong in you.

A puzzle with many pieces, some
missing, some extra, most are
soggy.

Only human, a rare secret that I cry
and slowly die, but tomorrow is a
new day.

It will be different I know; new tears,
new echoes, new stars that clatter
loudly on the stone floor

There will be more as blind
stumbling torrents kick a bag blown
by the wind.

Sometimes, I

By Shyla the Super Geck

Mom's spiteful marriage -
Which ought never been.
Left without much, she studied,
A two-year degree in hand.

Mom never earned a lot -
Saving anyway.
\$40,000 in the bank
The last day she stayed.

And when I watched her
Sometimes,
 Just sometimes,
She could look so sad.
As if all her dreams ran.

Mom never had it easy.
Treated eternally as less than -



ust Sometimes

ko (AKA KriJon Resident)



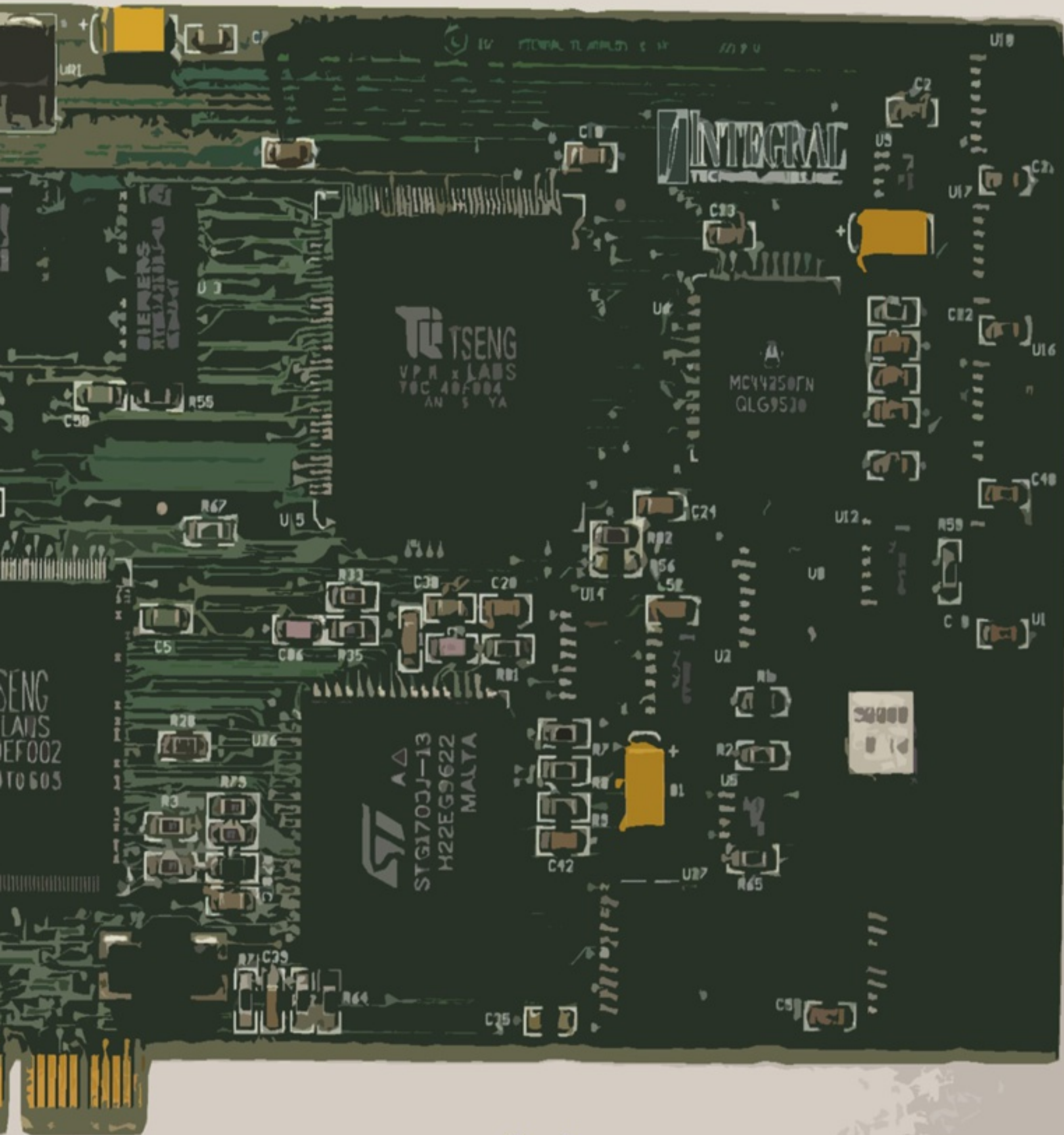
Smart, and competent -
Judged by divorce and position.

Mom never complained
About her little house with mice,
About mechanics jilting her twice.
She'd weep all alone.

Wondering, perhaps, what she had done
To deserve such a difficult life.

And when I watched her
Sometimes,
Just sometimes,
She could look so sad.

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ART BLUE

At the very end of *George. Joy on You*, which was published in the July issue of *rez Magazine*, you have been told to take an Eraserhead. By doing so

you are now ready to cross the final frontier to find George. You may have experienced many variations, coming over you like a cacophony of possibilities when being in the dreamless state of an Eraserhead. Spread word to every bartender on Earth how to make one. The top notch ones, like Dale DeGroff, do not need such a lesson, but he is over 70, so spread the word to the next generation.

The Afterlife simulation can go many ways when it deals with Earth. An Eraserhead is a good friend in such moments when the simulation takes a hard turn. What life to bake? What golden nugget to set? Shall it be an apple, an orange, or a cold breeze in the moonlight where you feel the touch of an owl on your shoulder but you don't see this superior bird around? Instead your smartphone rings. What ringtone you have set? I have to pick out the right ringtone to reach you. I have to select. Sitting in the room of crystals screens surrounding me and sound patterns guiding me, I have to bake.

You may ask if I use Bakes on Mesh for generating high-end skins? Surely,

I go on high standards, top notch. I don't do it for less. It is no longer an IBM 360 / 91 number cruncher, where



a wire frame construct for the human body was rendered and later coloured by an IBM PC AT on a Hercules graphics card by selecting 16 colours out of a palette of 64. Top notch is something that goes with the flow. Advanced Technology stands for the impact in time and that is like a steady

flow of bit-coins in a clear river running down from the Crater Lake in Oregon. That's a ringtone for the ones knowing the secrets behind the NGA, the other National Gallery of Art. But not everyone has read *The Sand Bible*. I speak of the change of time, of life, of chalk burning slowly down your brain. German speaking readers surely



get the idea when I introduce Kalkbrenner, *No Goodbye*, on stage. All others might enter the word Kalk and brenner into a translator.

<https://youtu.be/oWDzTvjoDn4>

I remember when I got a TSENG

ET4000 graphics card shipped from Newtown, Pennsylvania and put it into the IBM PC clone I had. You might not believe how shocking the change has been compared to the mostly even monochrome graphics cards. You could select 256 colours out of 16 million ones. The card provided SVGA, a super video graphics array, supporting a resolution of 800 x 600 pixels. "That's the future, that's reality," I was thinking when my friend Hans brought some ice from the refrigerator to cool the power supply down to prevent the unit from overheating. It must have been the Gods who guided Jack Hsiao Nan Tseng to create such a masterpiece, the ET4000. I know it is hard for you to understand time, but there are sound patterns where you may feel the energy that is in the machine. I could leave it on you to find the right sound, but I am here to guide you, right? I decide on *Perpetual* by VNV.

<https://youtu.be/rCceoeKvvN4>

*"Find it in you, raise your eyes
Look beyond the place you stand
Towards the furthest reaches
And to the smallest of things
The sound you are hearing
Is the symphony of what we are"*

But wait, I just got a ping that you did not take an Eraserhead and even worse that you forgot where you have placed

the recipe for it.

Eraserhead

I have *The Sand Bible* at hand and I will copy you the page. I start with “For today it does the self-mix ...” and end with “... soon facing a Stendhal jump.” Just keep in mind *The Sand Bible* recommends that you take the original brands. The self-mix is just an instant fix of your mind, a sort of self-rescue procedure.

“For today it does a self-mix. You need plain fresh water, good water. I hope you have a bottle of Pellegrino at hand. You know the Stendhal effect needs water from Italy and San Pellegrino is the best source. In New Neverwhere you don’t have a shop where they sell this superior brand? Hmmm, then ask just for “Italian water” and if, yes, and if nothing still works, then go to the next pizzeria and ask for help. I know things can get difficult in New Neverwhere. No longer are the times when Art Blue was travelling in USA and got invited to New Orleans, where he could impress his gallery friends by speaking some Italian phrases in a pizzeria so the restaurant owner’s grandma came out of the kitchen when hearing a familiar voice. Art Blue did not need to say more than, “*Che un tavolo libero per tre?*” (Is there space for three persons?) and things were instantly

sorted out in the overcrowded restaurant.

Some Italian will help you get a bottle of San Pellegrino. But, as a last resort, pretend the water you have is from Italy. Next you need some ice. I got it, your problems are mine; any ice will do; two ice cubes are enough; just have them ready. Don’t place the ice in the water glass yet. You need a fine glass, best is an Old Fashioned glass (also called a “Rocks” glass) and if you don’t have one then take a Highball glass. Fill it half full with the Italian water. Don’t add the ice; wait. Keep a cocktail stirrer ready. If you don’t have one, take a spoon; just keep it ready for later.

Now take an aspirin. Don’t eat it, just keep it ready. I think you don’t need any advice to find one somewhere. Your creativity will soon be needed, so don’t make a fuss now out of this task. In total you shall have now ready:

1. Some water
2. Two ice cubes
3. A glass
4. A stirrer
5. One aspirin
6. A spoon

Now you need a barman. I said it gets tricky. It is 4:00 am and you are in a rural area? You are single, not because you lack some of the good tunes, No,

you are single for a reason. I said your creativity will be needed. Ready?

Ready Player One? Say aloud, “Get Ready Player Two!” Player One, you are the barman. Got it? But maybe it is the Eraserhead effect. Must have forgotten! *LOL

Take the aspirin and cut it down the middle, then take one half and cut it again, so you get a quarter. Take this quarter and place it on a spoon. Now it gets again tricky. The spoon with the quarter shall dive shortly into the glass with the water. Not for longer than four seconds but for more than two. You will see foam and tiny bubbles rising, a sign that some substance has distributed into the water. Take the spoon out. It shall have still much of the substance on it. You can dump the remains later. Now it's time for the ice. Put the two ice cubes into the glass and use the stirrer. Stir for at least 30 seconds. You can stir longer.

The Eraserhead is ready. Give it to Player One. Say, “Your drink, Sir” or “For you, lovely Lady. Enjoy the Eraserhead.” On the second, give a



little esprit in your voice as you speak to a fine Lady soon facing a Stendhal jump.

I offer you an epic work to watch when drinking the Eraserhead. It has many layers and it starts with a quote by Pablo Picasso: “Art is the lie that enables us to see the truth.” It happens in a world where everything is tracked, just you don't know. It is raining stars and formalin. When the two spectators see that George got air in a world where it is supposed that there is no air, they are taken down by soldiers who are told that air must be controlled. They don't know that they will be taken down next in the moment they dare to find out the truth after taking off their masks. They can breathe without wearing a mask.

https://youtu.be/ZF_4ES3Gc8I

There is a short flash of red colour in the shooting, have you noticed? That's a hint that Corona Red left for us, the orange for your mind.

In case you shake your head, then I am truly sorry that I mislead you. *The Sand Bible* states that a self-mixed Eraserhead could end in a Zeebo effect. That's why you shall go with the industrial quality, which is described as follows: "Zeebo touches your heart and mind. Zeebo pills complement your care. The Zeebo tracking app provides insight." These words are taken from the original pharmaceutical page. You can order it right now by saying, "Alexa, I want the Zeebo effect, order me the Zeebo pills and deliver them right now." Alexa might answer, "Do you want the free instruction manual on your Kindle, written by Uwe Heiss? I can order you 45 light-blue Zeebo-brand capsules in a beautiful bottle sealed with a high-end silver-metal cap from the manufacturer in Burlington, Vermont for 19 Dollars." That's smart, to sell a drug and then giving insights by an app. Just not saying to whom the insights go. Must be Art, you say, and you are right; the Eraserhead purifies your mind.

This brings me back on track. Time to

start something new. That's Chrome right. Must be a browser and a song, right? You are right and readers of the first part of this story understand the reason I can't give you another chance to listen to the start of something new by Chrome. It would be a repetition,



but we all crave new insights. Instead, I create a Monument. I make space for your body. I dig a hole. This is what I am controlling.

<https://youtu.be/Zo6UnKr6Bwg>

Kunst, the New Enigma

Time. I control time. I reach out to the essence. When the moment comes, I can say I did it right. You know this means that I send the Purifier right in time, as told in the Bible. I can send



the Purifier right now and clean the air so there is no need for a lockdown, no need for keeping Dstance, the distance of 1.5 meters. I can make you feel superior about nature and wait before I send Covid-20 to show you that only a strong belief in the Gods can save you from the abyss. By

believing in the Purifier, you don't have proof that the Purifier is God, you just believe by believing in something you can't explain. It is like you hear music and you feel that these sound waves are words that matter when reaching your brain but you lack a translator. That Art is the translator you know, but do you submit to Art? Believing without understanding? Let me test your belief. I play Blutengel, Asche to Asche. I give Air to you.

<https://youtu.be/DtJ0sX6X3eE>

I said I give Air to you. By sending Blutengel, I give more; I give Air on You. The moon will touch the sun. Fire becomes ice. Blutengel sings, "Your words paint pictures but no one can see them. Your soul cries for freedom, but only I can understand." Carbon life is on the horizon, which makes believing in the Purifier difficult. Why believe when you can copy your brain into a stack? Jesus said that you will be reborn if you are a believer. He had to create wonders for his followers. I create such wonders day by day, but you say, "Yeah, sure. I have not seen this before, but that's just advanced technology." That's why not many follow the path of Art. "I have seen this before a bit different. It reminds me on Klimt, Vasarely, Mondrian, Korneder, SH Tutti, or ... 'sorry, I

have forgotten.”” But there is
absolution. Follow the pages and
believe. You will see when listening to
the sounds that a book is opening. You
will see yourself appearing in the
Rivers of Belief during your prayer.

https://youtu.be/ST_OrJxs7Hc

That's Enigma. And that's the prayer:
“I believe in Art and all his creations,
no matter the colour, age or gender,
no matter if coded in Swordcoder,
Cyberlinga or Pleskit. I believe in
Art.”

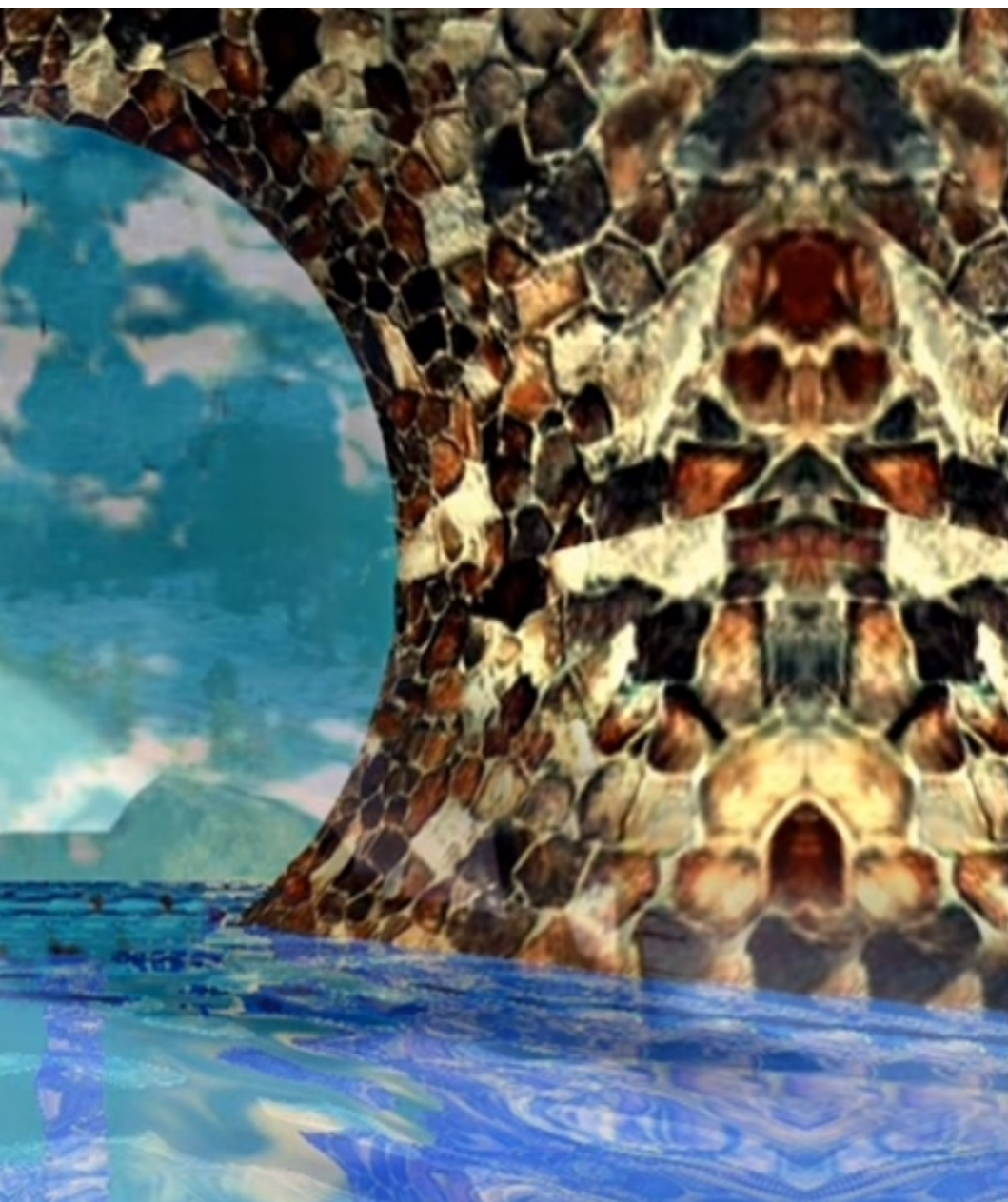
Do you get the feeling? The feeling
that God is in the Air? That all your
loneliness will be gone? You will be
at peace with yourself. You feel
Chrome, do you? Maybe you
simulate the effect, you pretend to
believe? I know it is difficult to
believe that the world has come to a
halt and now Art is all that counts for
you. You noticed the changes
coming, creating a hype, then all
fading. I have to take the fear from
you that Art could be a false prophet.
For a permanent change you need a
new term, one you can put lost faith
back into. You need the raw form of
Art, you need history reborn. You need
Kunst. And here we are: "I believe in
Kunst, no matter if the programknitter
is Swordcoder, Cyberlingua or
Pleaskit. I belief in Kunst."

That's straight to the point. The
language, the coder and the work is
one. And the best: no longer women
are left behind in the world of coding.
The German Sci-Fi author Andreas
Eschbach tells us that women are the
better coders, creating in his 2018
novel NSA the profession



programknitter. All the repetitions in
their daily life make them into
sequencers whom men can best use.
Just take the field of cooking,
following the flow of a recipe. “Take
200 gram of minced beef, 10 gram
salt, 50 gram of butter, mix it for two
minutes, slice a lemon, ...” and then

the best, “Repeat what you did as long as you have minced beef.” The beef and you become one, at least on a big BBQ. That goes differently for the men hunting the beast. If the BBQ is tasty, things may find their way back to Art. Prayers reach out beyond the complexity of the human brain. Coding



becomes an apparition, a manifestation. It started with Java, where a coder could no longer predict the behaviour of the code in situations of stress.

<https://youtu.be/qcFXhuzTK58>

You smile, you laugh, you shake your head? That's not uncommon when a new religion is born. The religion of coding. Coding is a form of Art. Programmed Art, the name of a society dealing with digital beliefs, with Kunst, with machines, simulating Art. Laibach calls in B-Machina to raise our dream machines into the sky. Listen to them when they sing, “When every problem is destroyed we raise our hands and bodies to the peak into the Universe.”

<https://youtu.be/YSDHGBPxQkU>

Kunst is the new term for Art. About 35 years ago, William Gibson predicted in his novel *Count Zero* that the future of art will be catatonic. Katatonenkunst will hang on the walls. This form of art will be immersive. It is no longer a piece hanging on the wall, it is the room itself, but this you decode later, when the book reaches its end. At the beginning of *Count Zero*, Fraulein Krushkhova waits for Mister Virek, to get an interview with the ultra rich art collector. She does not meet him in person. The job interview happens via a sensory link and a screen. She has no idea that behind the screen is not a biological body, the one known as Mister Virek, that he has become a Kunstsimulator, a machine that carries the ideas of the famous curator forward in time.

“The room was bare and white. On two walls hung unframed sheets of what looked like rain-stained cardboard, stabbed through repeatedly with a variety of instruments. Katatonenkunst. Conservative. The sort of work one sold to committees sent round by the boards of Dutch commercial banks.” – William Gibson, 1986

That the word Katatonenkunst has its origin in the paper *Katatonenkunst*, published in the magazine *Manuskripte*, by the Austrian artist Arnulf Rainer in the year 1969 seems to have been overseen by art historians. Arnulf Rainer says in his article about Katatonenkunst, "The Autism Theatre brings a point of no return for all artistic doings, where creator and work not only overlap but become totally the same."

The term Kunst is raw and pure. Its history has the impact that no other term of art has. That's why a group of Slovenian artists (among them Laibach) named themselves in 1984, when Slovenia was part of Yugoslavia, New Slovenian Kunst to fight against dictatorship. Tate London, the Biennale di Venice, MoMa New York, all the big names have invited NSK for a retrospective.

<http://www.laibach.org/tate-modern-special-extended-show/>

Coding reaches back to the origins of mankind. *Swordcoder* you may have heard of. You can page in the files of history and you will find all you need to know about *Swordcoder* in *rez Magazine*, April 2017. "Code is my weapon, sword is my defence," is the motto of this language and it is the foundation for Enigma. But what about Cyberlinga? Cyber you know, don't play stupid. It is the world you are in, the Cyberspace. Linga you shall get to know by my advanced knowledge right now. Linga, short for Lingam, pronounced as Ling, is an aniconic representation of the Hindu deity Shiva. This means one is not allowed to picture the deity. Linga is found in Sanskrit texts with the meaning of evidence, of proof of God and God's existence. Virtual worlds are real, this makes your prayers work. On Pleskit, I would have to say more. It would blow up this article and might take some of its depth, so bear with me if I keep my mouth shut, even that's quite hard for the readers in Australia who may love so much to hear more about Pleskit. All I can say is that the name honours a blue alien whose capabilities to code with gravity zero have been so outstanding that he was accepted in the high school baseball team.

The Blue Prim

By now you know that with the tools our world provides you can produce air

in a world where there is no air. You need no picture, no drawing, no builder. All you need is a prim. It must be a blue one, so everyone sees you deal with the best of the best leaving the average behind. You approach this blue prim, you hold it up, you say, "I believe ..." [and you add the God's name] ... and when the prim, sorry The Blue Prim, breathes air to you then this air will be virus-free. In this, you must believe. It has to be a genuine, true belief. All the machines you have will tell you, "No virus detected." You ask the machines if there is air you can breathe because you can't breathe, so you are sceptical. Nevertheless, when you see the ARCTIC Accelero Xtreme IV running faster, you feel literally something is cooling you. You believe that your chip runs with air when you hold The Blue Prim up and the machine tells you, "The air has a drift of 5 knots south-west." By now you have embraced that all machines are in fact simulators. The impact happens when you understand Kunst, when you understand conceptual art. It brings creations from your virtual mind to reality always using the new ways and so you continue to wonder on the wonder. You come to a point where you no longer believe in the machines engineers made to understand reality. They turn out to be fluid. Do I make your mind spin by being too abstract? There are some well outlined examples in the book NSA by Andreas

Eschbach.

NSA stands for Nationales Sicherheits-Amt. The idea behind the book is, "What would have happened if Hitler had Computers?" But it does not end with the ways to show how to track down Jewish people who hide inside "The Reich," no it moves from coding, which he calls knitting (stricken) to neuronal networks based on Dr. Mengele's research with the human brain. Subjects are studied by wiring their brain to machines. They move, they act, and when asked, "Why do you scratch your chin?" they say, "I moved my hand up because there was a fly sitting on it." They find reasons to explain what they do. Doing happens before thinking. This is a fact modern science has detected, but humans can't deal well with it. One way would be to say that the mind travels a bit forward in time, then reaction comes a bit before action, like a good God particle, the Higgs-Boson, does. Does the hand move before the neuron commands because to move is the destiny for the hand? I have a different story for you. It works for everyone believing in an Afterlife. All you need is to repeat the prayers as long as time runs. Listen to Lost Track of Time, sounds that are pressed by Pachanga Boys on an orange background at the back side of a blue vinyl.

<https://youtu.be/EuqvLiB7i7g>

Do Avatars know that we control them? What do you think? I know what patterns are set in the crystal dome of events for the simulation you are running on. Biodominance patterns give you the basic setting, but the code has Free Will. The Orange helps you to listen to your path. The Déjà vu. The amount of freedom you get differs, so the game entertaining level is not the same for everyone. Coding artists understand it best, "Let my Avatar do it, I coded some Free Will inside." Ariadne will smile on you.

The most advanced machine that makes Art to Kunst, that breathes air, that raises a human machine to a demigod is the Purifier. Forgot the words by Bryn Oh? Here they come once more:

"The Maskitt is a creature that is a mix of greyhound and a giraffe that stands a few stories tall. Its head is covered with a filtration mask and it was introduced to purify the air in polluted industrial regions. They wander like a herd and inhale the pollutants while giving off fresh air."

When standing in a row looking towards The Blue Prim, of course not alone, a belief needs followers, so all the believers in Art line up and look to The Blue Prim when singing the psalm, "I believe ..." The Purifier

emanates and you, the true believer, get air and the air drifts with a speed of 5 knots. You may have noted that after the words "I believe" you have to set in your belief system. That is not as easy as it looks, but by using a metaphor, it works quite simply. On Earth, you know it is the world where you need



air; there you have three big belief systems, most would say Christianity, Judaism and Islam, but in fact I shall list also Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism. You may ask, what about the story of *The Salesman* that was published in *rez Magazine* July 2017?

In *The Expanse*, a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, named The Salesman, tried to convince Josephus Miller that God must exist, but Miller did not believe. The story happened on board the spaceship *Nauvoo*. Millions have

spaceship. A 16.8 kilometer sized asteroid bowed to the Mormon's belief system and made way for their passage.

The Giant Golden Trumpet, Mormons know that the Angel Moroni holds it, was mounted on the lean bow of the ship. The trumpet must have been signalling codes to the Gods, but you know that there is no air for a concert in outer space. Moroni, known as the prophet-warrior, holds the golden plates still in his possession after Joseph Smith has translated them in the year 1838. You see the purpose. It was for the future. It was to save the chosen ones. That's a strong belief. You can code such a belief in Swordcoder, Cyberlinga and Pleskit. Nevertheless, the effects to your brain are different, which links back to the foundation of a religion. You may ask, "what about Sinscript? Is this the preferred coding for mission impossible?" I have to tell you it is not. The Church of Scientology uses a closed shop system. What I publish is all running on open source. This means you can check out if the code is fitting for the Afterlife.

watched the uncoupling of the giant hull from the Tycho construction site when setting course to Tau Ceti. Later Miller experienced that the *Nauvoo* did not hit the asteroid 433 Eros despite the self-destroying interception course that was set by non-believers. In fact, Eros moved out of the course of the

Open Source

Conceptual Art is open source. Sol LeWitt did not expect when he published in 1967 in *Artforum* *Paragraphs on Conceptual Art* that the



times of coding will come and his statements will be seen as a manifest for coding and for using artificial intelligence in art. “The idea becomes a machine that makes the art,” might be his most spectacular word that deals with the future. LeWitt’s manifest is not written in an academic way, where complexity without a practical use is placed in the middle. I will copy a passage so you can get an impression by yourself:

“Recently there has been much written about minimal art, but I have not discovered anyone who admits to doing this kind of thing. There are other art forms around called primary structures, reductive, rejective, cool, and mini-art. No artist I know will own up to any of these either. Therefore I conclude that it is part of a secret language that art critics use when communicating with each other through the medium of art magazines. Mini-art is best because it reminds one of miniskirts and long-legged girls. It must refer to very small works of art. This is a very good idea. Perhaps “mini-art” shows could be sent around the country in matchboxes. Or maybe the mini-artist is a very small person, say under five feet tall. If so, much good work will be found in the primary schools (primary school primary structures).”

I am a minimal artist for a reason. I

can’t build, I can’t texture, I can’t script. I know you object and you object a lot when you have seen the Moonrezzer, where even The Algebraist, the most advanced machine in the LEA universe, would have clapped in joy seeing 12 moons exploding and offering the audience



the hidden art inside. I did not build the Moonrezzer, did not texture it, did not script it. I made the concept. I took a prim, coloured it Blue and held it up into the air in a V-pose, “This Prim shall be the core of an ice-moon where an artificial intelligence hides inside. Twelve moons shall rotate around the

core, each moon being held by an Avatar as an attachment on root.” By doing so, the prim load exceeded the maximum the Gods allow the mortals. This way the most valuable artworks of mankind will kept hidden until time has come when I step onto the podium and take the seat in the Colosseum



where I shall look down to the masses. Then I let the flag of the Roman Empire raise. “Let the games begin,” the speaker will shout. On a secret channel command, I want the ice-moon to begin to rotating and the 12 moons to open in an opera for the mind. The pieces of art inside will

present themselves in blinding lights and gems of stars shall circulate.

That’s words of a director, right? The credits will go to the artists. Over 30 names are listed at the end of the machinima that documents the existence of the world LEA14, run by Linden Endowment for the Arts (LEA).

<https://youtu.be/wtA-hbzOh1Q>

The high times to create such worlds by the users for the users are sadly gone. There are no longer students willing to crucify themselves to make such complex stories work, knowing the reward will be not a fat check. That their names will be engraved in the files of history, that they have been among the first in the Digital Anthropocene is no longer enough; they move to industrial productions in the world of Games. They don’t see the apple, they don’t see the orange. When their time on Earth has ended and they return to the crystal world, I will invite such lost ones to a talk with me in the reading room, the Soulrezzor, a room where time stands still. I know many will regret that money has dominated their path.

<https://youtu.be/7bMqG2634OE>

Finding no humans that outperform my concepts, I need to wait for the



machine that Sol LeWitt describes. Shall I bring in the next simulation David 8 on stage? It might be risky that this guy outfoxes me. But there is a solution to become nevertheless the most famous artist -- as predicted in the Bible. Wait, you don't need to believe this. *The Sand Bible* states that this will be not me, it will be Tillo-Tallo. In the Bible you find that this will happen in the year 2039. Just read the Bible. My hands are bound.

Bear with me that we all have to wait for Tillo-Tallo. What I can offer you is just minimal. In Minimal I am good. I know it. An artform was named after me. Computer Minimal Art. This is an old term. There was a new one credited by art theorists when this art has been recognized by Avatars. Avatarkunst is the term. Enjoy a piece I created for

the Museo del Metaverso.

You can become George. You will get air from the Purifier. You breathe virus-free air. You can become Corona Red. You can overcome DESTANCE, the distance of 1.5 meters. You can multiply.

Words of the Bible (Genesis 2:18) become true: "Be fruitful and multiply." The Bible does not say that you have to stay biological, right? You once said, "I believe in Art." You have been right. Kunst is just the newest Advertisement for Art.

<https://youtu.be/-vUXea8MXco> – *All Our Sins*

. r — e — z .

ART.BLUE

THE BREATH SPIRITUS EST

SPIRITUS EST

„La fotografia digitale è sintesi di IMMAGINIMA, il risultato finale è una inquadratura che non è mai esistita.“

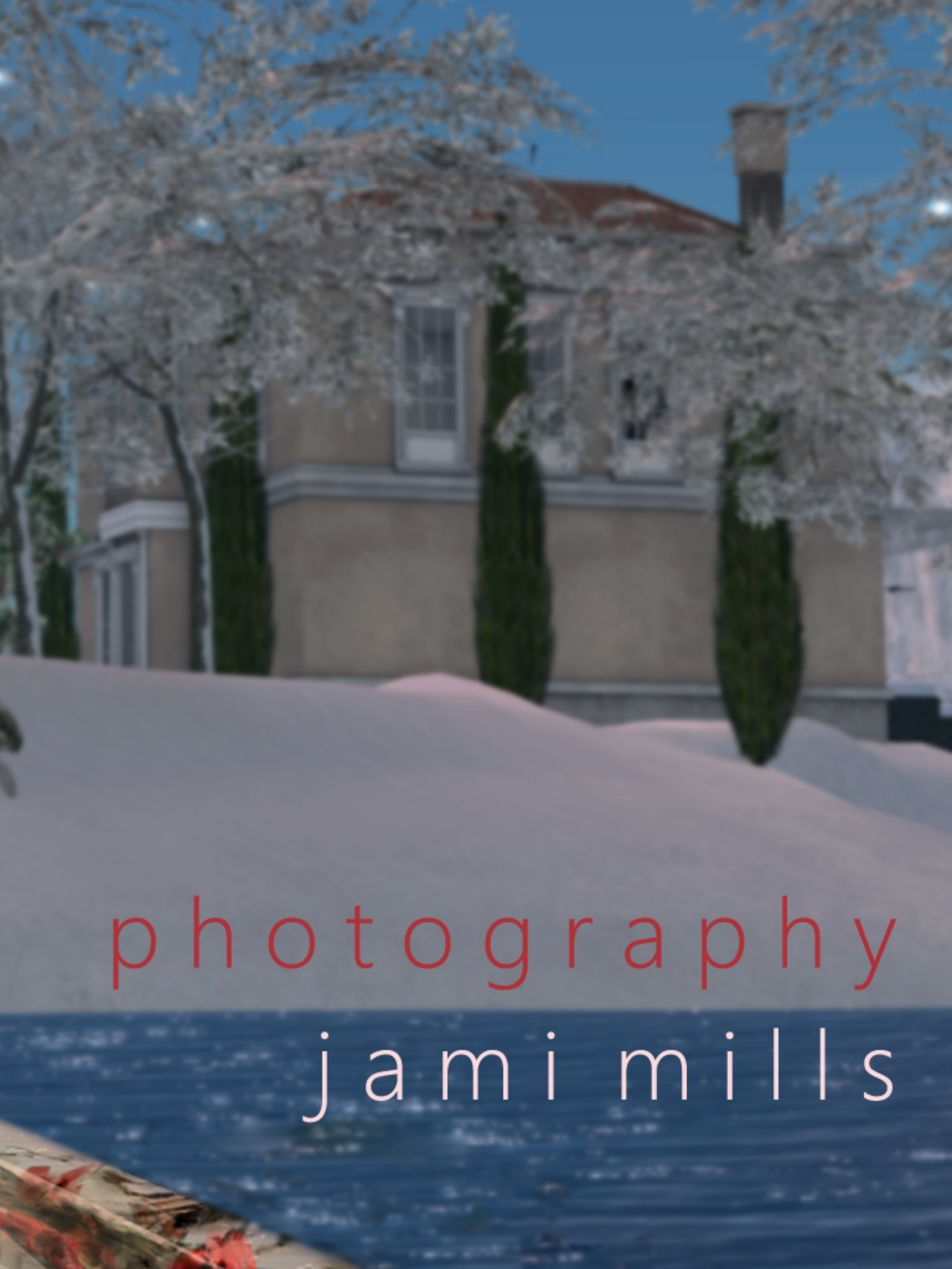
– Mons. Edgar Legate

“Digital photography is a synthesis of the image, the result is a shot that never existed, but nevertheless it is here, as God is the ultimate Imaginima.”

GRAND OPENING IN THE METAVERSE
AUGUST 6, 2020 at 22.00 CET [Rome]

COPY PERFORMANCE IN SECOND LIFE
AUGUST 13, 2020 at 1:00 PM PDT
SIM CLARESSA





photography
jami mills



RoseDrop Rust

In Our Lives



*He stood, feet bleeding,
a needle in a hayfield,
lit with some divine spark,
an antenna raised
to pull the intentions
of a culture screaming
from the collective mind.*

*It rises over banks of refuse
hailed there in wagons of regret
for a future we hadn't seen in history.*

*She stood, hair flowing,
in the golden of her own sun,
face to wind,
a weathervane,
a fate,
singing there in flowering lament
for sins she was not aware of yet.*

*The children sing a harmony
we haven't heard in the years
since our idealism was broken
on the rocks of assassination.*

*All this noise and still,
the monuments to our original sin
confess and throw themselves into
ravines
like a dumb breed of suicide
chased by coyotes into daily worries.*

I have not been inclined to post overt political statements to social media so as to avoid simply becoming no more than troll bait, but "Silence is complicity," and at the risk of all that,

not to mention humble awareness that I could be mistaken, I am ready to begin a conversation in the interest of moving our dysfunction toward real change. It is clear to me over time that the black community does not see improvements in race relations until public frustration causes palpable loss to business interests. Fire destroys and it cleanses. Cauterize the wound. Stop the bleeding.

When I was a teenage son of anti-war activists, I had the privilege of meeting members of the Portland Black Panther Party. I happened to be out with them in what was then the ghetto of Albina in N/NE Portland, Oregon. I remember a situation that arose with a car accident. It involved the cars of an older white couple and one with black riders. It appeared to me, at the time, that the situation was escalating and that perhaps the white couple was not being treated fairly. I remember being chastised to step back and not get involved.

All these years, I have honestly thought that it was just me being protected, or maybe even suppressed, despite my right to speak up for fairness. I had read *Black Like Me* and *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, and had experienced white guilt. Firm leadership from my parents and church had convinced me that racism was

pervasive and evil. I surely could not be racist myself.

I have held to that illusion throughout my life. It is only now, after another 50 years, that I am coming to the realization that I did not understand the entire circumstances of that public confrontation all those years ago that neither benefactors or the books I had read had taught me.

The lesson is this: black (and other minority and marginalized) communities have never known fairness, and whatever the specific instances are, they are always influenced by what these communities already know about how society responds to them. There is an uneven floor and many of us can never know what it is like.

This is the universal burden of racism. It cuts across all of us and distorts our ability, or inclination, to parse fairness in individual and institutional ways. This distortion will take more time to change, and will only begin when the world bends its collective will in that direction. We have overthrown the rights of kings and dictators to gain freedom and democracy for some. It is long past time to begin to free ourselves.

Good news first: it would seem that

corporate America is slowly turning in favor of majority public opinion. Make no mistake, I am not attributing any morality to this motion, only that money seeks safety and the corporate mind has uncanny powers of self-preservation. It smells change in the air like a bear, and it knows it needs to serve a hungry market. One could think money will always fall most heavily toward the conservative social ideals, but banks are not idealistic. Therefore, the ship of capitalism turns to face the wind, not because it wants to, but because it must catch that wind in its sails to discover profit. The market respects an idea whose time has finally come.

Second, I believe there has been recent evidence that our military will be loyal to the American people. This president will not be able to use uniformed power to pacify the public.

One last thing makes me hopeful; people have been working on the problem of public safety and law enforcement for years. There are good plans out there for reforming or replacing police departments. Some of these plans are already being implemented to great success.

On the other hand, I am more worried than ever about the continuing effects of the Covid 19 pandemic. There are

more people still ill with the virus than are recovered and we will not achieve another lockdown. The die is cast and the question is now when, who, how, and how many, deaths will we still have to endure. It is now, more than ever, up to the behavior of individuals.

Concerning anti-racist progress, there will be plenty of lip service from faux-liberals, and gated community upper class who are still more worried about property crime than violence against people, but this is the first time since the March on Washington in the Sixties that I have seen real hope in the eyes of the righteously cynical. "Hope." That was the catch phrase of a real statesman. This is a fluid situation, so much has gone so wrong before, and we must sit quietly and listen to people who have been in the trenches working on these issues. Look to them to administer life-support to the still beating heart of our nation.

James Baldwin debated the conservative intellectual William Buckley in the 1960s, and destroyed Buckley's "it's complex" argument saying, "It comes as a great shock to discover that the country which is your birthplace, and to which you owe your life and your identity, has not in its whole system of reality, evolved any place for you." Think about it. Wherever your parents came from,

they likely came here to escape similar ethnic rejection, and isn't that what motivated them to come here to escape? If we can't create universal freedom here, then where? I hope your husband feels better soon and that you find a way to fight racism with the rest of us. I can't think of any circumstance when I, or anyone I know, would come to your house to kick your door in. I, and rest of our citizens, am asking for the same consideration. We ask in the name of Breonna Taylor, who was killed by police in her own house. Make no mistake, this was about civil rights in the 60s and it is the same fight today.

Let's try this, Black people will be more at peace when they can be sure not to be statistically more likely to be killed in custody than people around them. We can reform police departments. It is a training, leadership, and accountability issue. Everyone wants to know exactly what to expect from an encounter with the police. Believe me, so do you. Please don't feel "hit." As minority communities are convinced things are heading in the right direction, their peace will spread to us, and we can all start living in the more just society we all imagine. We will all have the peace no one has now and some communities didn't have before.

I want to keep this discussion polite. If this makes me "the PC police," may I suggest that the use of the term "political correctness" is part of the reason we are in this crisis today. Using that as a defense of marginalizing people is a glaring step backward. This is not a time to let our focus become defused by distractions to the hard work of our culture to cure itself. Do not brush off the concerns of others, listen to what they say about how it feels to be them. We clearly do not get it right in so many ways. Be aware of the true meaning of what is said. Do not rise to the challenge of those whose underlying intent is to water down progress. Be funny, but be aware that part of the problem is our own blindness. Look to your own heart for what can be done to move forward. Make no mistake. I am very aware that at any time, defensiveness and my own sense of relative worth may result in my own sins of thoughtless hurt. I have purposely stayed outside of public political arguments for that very reason, and if I have done so, despite my assessment of me having only good intentions, I am truly sorry. Say what you like, but be prepared to defend the reaction. Be your own PC police and we won't have to have this discussion again.

Capitalism is at the root of the problem. The market is not a divine

fair balance. Capital will always attempt to consolidate power, and will do it on public money when possible. It goes without saying that as far as human capital is concerned, fairness withheld from workers is profit. The unions that are not broken, are severely limited (which was the intention of the Reagan administration), and workers are left with very little bargaining power. The obvious and indisputable effect of that is that wages have not gone up in decades, and people are working more and more hours. Investing in minority neighborhoods opens up the possibility for revitalization of blighted neighborhoods because while trickle down did not happen (and wasn't going to), trickle up is just about inevitable. We tried down, why not try up? In the end, there will always be a need to rein in the power of business, and to realize how it got and maintains that power today: forced labor and economic tyranny. This is the story to date, we must turn the page.

*And when the antenna stopped humming
and the typing was done,
we saw we had painted a new portrait
of society;
that accepted the attitude of a sun that
shines on everyone.*

· r — e — z ·

An abstract painting of piano keys. The keys are represented by vertical rectangular shapes in various colors including yellow, green, blue, and pink, set against a dark background. The style is painterly and expressive, with visible brushstrokes and a sense of depth.

Consuela Hypati

Diana

It's that time of night that I'm missing
you.

The mid-evening blues
the Tuesday evening piano bar
listening to the tunes
that make my heart ache for you

That time when I realize
I won't see you tonight.
Leaving me alone
sitting at the dark stained
wood grain
dim lit bar.

Blank stares of patrons
seen from afar
looming in the shadows
the dank smell of cigarettes and

a Caldwell

Bar Blues

missing

as I drink gum numbing scotch
wishing you were here.

moods

I'm feeling time worn memories
berried in my heart
like the dull shine
of stars through a haze of city nights
washed out by streetlights
lined up on lonely avenues.

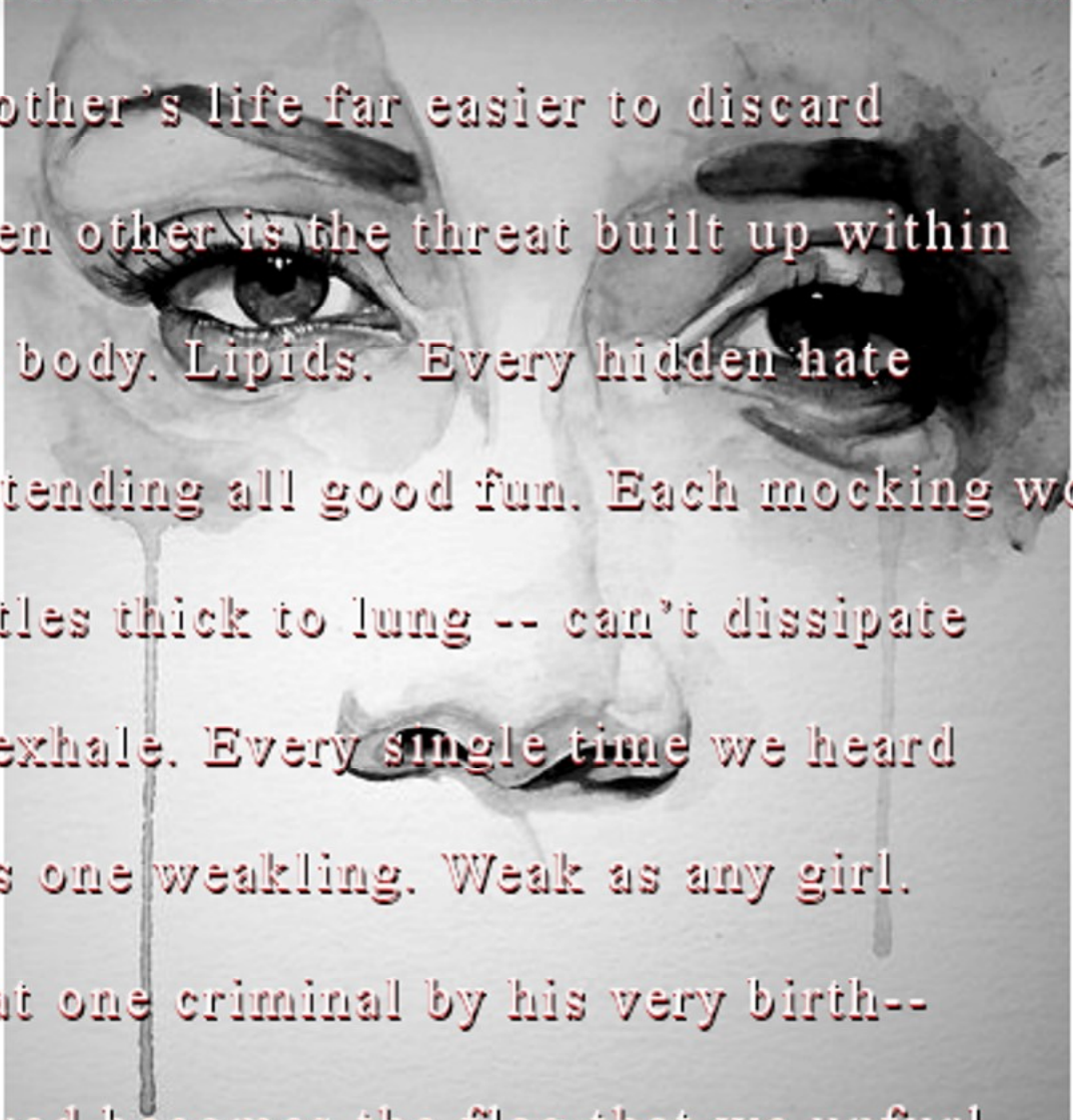
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The serenading moon sings sorrows
of the evenings sad consolation
in an empty evening breeze,
a mournful groan of obligation
to sing my sad song of
missing you tonight.

beer,

Monsters

by Persephone Phoenix



Becoming what we fear is not so hard.
Intolerance fits on fear like one's own skin.
Another's life far easier to discard
when other is the threat built up within
the body. Lipids. Every hidden hate
pretending all good fun. Each mocking word
settles thick to lung -- can't dissipate
in exhale. Every single time we heard
this one weakling. Weak as any girl.
That one criminal by his very birth--
so red becomes the flag that we unfurl
our blood no longer vouches for its worth.
Becoming what we fear is how we tame
the monster of our own unuttered shame.

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



The Accident



Cat Boccaccio

Lily-Rose Roades was the only child of Tom and Celia Roades, who were both productive human beings and stable parents until she was six years old.

Tom and another longshoreman, his friend Alec Rosewood, were walking along the tops of stacked cargo containers, using long poles to reach down and unfasten the boxes so a crane could later lift them ashore.

They walked slowly, as there was early morning dew and the container surfaces could be slippery.

Tom didn't remember losing his footing, he remembered nothing of that morning, or of that week. Alec said Tom was out of his line of vision for just a few moments, and they found him below on the deck of the ship, his body shattered.

He was a lucky man. The broken bones healed, for the most part, but the blow to the head changed him forever.

Lily-Rose Roades soon realized the man who lived with them after the accident was not her father, even though he looked like and had the voice of her father, he wore her father's clothes and slept in the bedroom with her mother.

She tried to love this new man, but she missed her father terribly. And this man was unloveable, waking her at all hours of the night for no reason. He drank alcohol, a lot of it, and while he never touched her he often shouted at her, things she didn't understand and couldn't remember.

Her school work suffered, and she was punished for poor concentration at school, and at home for her poor grades.

Her mother's soul seemed to leave her body around this time. She quit her job. She pleaded with her husband to leave their child alone, but he did not. He continued to terrorize her and her mother continued to plead.

This went on for nine years. Lily-Rose became at various times difficult, remote, violent, self-destructive, depressed, and reckless.

She understood problematic childhoods. She recognized the neglected and abused. She recognized Todd Caper, and plotted to save his life as hers had been saved.

(My cool uncle died from heart break because my aunt died of Covid-19; less than six weeks before. I guess Larry was waiting for her call to join her. May both rest in peace.)

This is an awful time
to need to mourn.
This virus does so much
to make us all suffer.

Physically, through terrible
illness.
Emotionally, through fear
and uncertainty.
Mentally, through trapping
us where we least want to be.

Society has been left
torn and bleeding,
alone, behind doors
and barriers only now
made more visible,
because we have spent
so much time locked
on the other side.

When you live in darkness
the light is painful and hard to look at.
But wait! Adjust your view
and you can see much more
clearly now that our masks are off.

No pretty hair;
our nails are ragged,
chipped and grown out;
our legs have become au naturel,
the follicles sprouting,
and out of control. Look!
Humanity is plain, and oddly
beautiful in its nudity.

These days have exposed
ripped away the glossy
truth and makes the truth
I can see how hollow
when our facades slip
as we start to lose our
on the falsehood of a
and stare truth in the

People are selfish and
if left without the buffer
of conformity. Left to
devices, cruelty rattles
cage and once free, fire
lights fires, and chokes
from our neighbour,
his windows, burns his





The Ugly Beautiful

Merope Madrigal

losed the ugly;
s that blurs
twisted straight.
y we are
p down, unguarded,
ur grip
appearances,
face.

d vicious
ffer
o our own
es the rickety
ires bullets,
es the life
breaks
his life down

I am unkind in this art.
I paint with broad strokes
and cover the fine with the rough.
But my brush drips hope even as it
colours everything the same.
You see, appearances are deceiving until,
we see that everything looks the same.

Not as it once was, nor may ever be again.
As I linger over memories of moments long gone by.
Uncertain, if past action, brought this present trying time.
If the future holds promises of fortune, so sought for..

Pondering mistakes, of past endeavors, as a people.
Multitudes deploying rigid callousness with disregard.
Lusterless relationships bent on monetary gain..
that allowed little time, for worthy wise endeavors.

Finds me questioning.... an ability to gain from this present.
Today conceived, on past foundation of abundant mistakes.
Leading here to suffering and isolated painful circumstances
That generate depressing frustration ..wanting back... to typical.

Refer to 'the normal', and you'll find no distinctive definition.
Majority action classifying the typical, leaves a questionable norm....
Social incumbent structures of behavior and poor morality
Directs the standards of environmental and social displays.

What once was typical brought us to our current destination.
Altering its meaningful directives will lead us, yet, to another.
Choices are ours to determine that new forth-coming path
And when in abundance arrives...when we have made new decisions.

We will be typical again.





Back to Typical
Dearstluv Writer



Amy As And

In this virtua
As the worl
Isolation in

Hatred and
As reasonab
We are bles
This retreat

We find son
We were m
Miles and c
between us
Now obstac
And I am th
In an instan

Inawe

The World Boils and Bends

al sanity

d boils and bends

vades our pretend

darkness descend

oleness flees

sed with this refuge,

, where we grow like trees

ne souls

ean to meet

ircumstances once stood

cles disappear

here and you are here

t

I do not know your life

Your name or fame

Your age nor your suffering

I know not your growing pains

But somehow without gazes
declaring love

A trust develops

We fit like gloves

This world's reality, this land of
pretend

When boiled and distilled

Reminds us we are simply our
actions,

Our hearts, in the end

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